A

MONODY

TO THE

MEMORY of a *LADY*,

WHO

Lately Died at *BATH.*

BATH:

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A MONODY, &c.

O Thou dear Subject of my mournful Lays!
Shall not my earneſt Pen attempt thy Praiſe?
Shall not a few *fond* Words from Friendſhip flow?
A *few ſad Lines* expreſs a Brother's Woe,
Becauſe the Flow'rs of *proſtituted* Verſe
Oft hang around, and deck the *worthleſs* Herſe?
Becauſe, the *Tomb* of *Vice*, by hireling Bays
Oft ſtrew'd; on Virtues Relics *ſlants* Diſgrace?
They ſhall! They ſhall! and tho' unequal far
To pay a Tribute, my weak Numbers are
Worthy,

Worthy, O Sister best belov'd! of *thee.*
Or worthy the Affection, felt by *me*;
Still, what they speak, *Sincerity* shall grace,
And *Sorrow* weep, while Love endites the *Lays.*

II.

But whither shall my anxious Muse, first bend her [*Flight?*
And while the fond Ideas roll
Unnumber'd! o'er my Soul;
In mixture strange of sorrowful Delight,
And *tender* Agony! While gushing Tears,
And bursting Sighs dim all my Sight,
And Tempest my poor Heart, with Cares,
Ah! whither shall I turn? Or how arrange
The thousand Thoughts, that in Confusion strange,
Crowd, on my aching Brain?
Yet wou'd I fain! O!

O! Sifter, Friend, Companion, once ſo dear!
(Yea, *ſtill* moſt dear in *Mem'ry*;) while they roll
Thus pleaſingly diſtracting, o'er my Soul;
Ev'n at this ſoft, ſad Moment! wou'd I tell,
If Words allow'd; *what* I ſo deeply feel,
And with *my* Wailings, and *thy* Worth,
Snatch'd all untimely from the Earth!
Make every *feeling* Heart, lament thy Bier;
And ev'ry Eye, faſt drop, the ſympathizing Tear.

III.

O! what a Form, and what a Heart was thine!
How rare a Jewel, in how fair a Shrine!
Proportion, Delicacy, Softneſs, Grace,
Pervaded, dignified, inform'd, the *Whole*;

Reign'd through each *Part*; but on thy lovely Face,
Supremely reign'd! *There*, the *ſuperior* Soul,
Spoke viſibly! *There*, the dark luſt'rous Eye
Beaming with Spirit, Senſe, and Dignity,
Enchanted all! with more than magic Pow'r,
Expreſs'd at Will, each finely temper'd Thought.
Shew'd to what arduous heights the Mind cou'd tow'r,
And clear to *Senſe*; its inmoſt Feelings brought.
Now ſweetly languiſh'd, ſoft reſiſtleſs Love;
Now ſparkled Wit; *now* flaſh'd indignant Scorn;
At Will, with chaſten'd Ray, cou'd mildly move,
Or dart forth Beams, as radiant as the Morn.
Now Majeſty, the rolling Orbs inform'd,
Now bland Affection, every Look yclad,

Now

Now ſmiling Pleaſure, each gay glance adorn'd;
While every Grace, in every Sparkle play'd!
By Meekneſs *now*, the deep fring'd Lids, abas'd,
To lovely Lowlineſs each Look is giv'n;
By warm Devotion *now*, ſublim'd, and rais'd,
See raptur'd Glances, communing with Heav'n!
Doth Sorrow melt? Ah! what a touching Beam,
What moving Sadneſs, ſpeaking ſoft thro' Tears!
Doth Mis'ry ſue? lo! at her mournful Theme,
Each Look, ineffable Compaſſion wears!
But ſcorn'd be all the Efforts of my Hand,
As ſcorn'd, as feeble, to deſcribe that Eye,
Which cou'd alike ſooth, awe, implore, command,
Reprove, remonſtrate, bleſs;
Cloath ev'ry Word, and Thought, with *Energy*,

And

And ev'ry thing expreſs
But *Vice*, and cold *Inſenſibility*.
Nor will *thoſe* queſtion;—why with *ſtrange* Delight,
My Pen or *this* dear theme, ſhou'd love to dwell
Who *knew* its beauties?—who cou'd *ſee* and *feel*;
Since, all who *cou'd*, confeſs'd, to charm their ſight,
No Eye had ever ſparkled, *half* ſo bright,
Look'd, *half* ſo ſweet, or parley'd, *half* ſo well!

IV.

But tho' thy brilliant *Eyes*, had ſure the pow'r
To make Deformity, and Dumbneſs, pleaſe;
Though *Nature*, had denied her farther Dow'r,
Bequeathing thee, a ſtore of charms; in *theſe*;

Though

Though ſhape, complexion, manner, feature, grace
Had been witheld ;—*ſtill* the right noble Mind
Had ſhed a nameleſs Luſtre, o'er thy Face,
And left mere, lifeleſs beauty, far behind ;
Yet willing *here*, to ſhew her utmoſt Art,
The lovelieſt Features and completeſt Form,
She made the *meet* Aſſociates for a Heart,
With ev'ry liberal Thought, and Impulſe ; warm !
With ev'ry liberal Impulſe, warm indeed!
But glowing warmeſt, with *Benevolence* ;
Which univerſal flow'd, to ſuccour need;
Brighten'd thy Virtue, and adorn'd thy Senſe !
Thine, was each *gentle* Thought, each gen'rous Act!
Each winning Art, each fond Affection, thine !

All, that cou'd ſoften, reconcile, attract!
All, that cou'd honor, elevate, refine!
Sure *never! never* beat the Heart,
Whoſe trembling Senſibility,
Roſe gliſt'ning to the Eye,
And ſmooth'd it's piercing Dart,
With ſuch an exquiſite *peculiar* Grace!
Sure *never, never* talk'd the Tongue
With ſuch perſuaſive Sweetneſs hung,
To win the Palm from thy expreſſive Face;
And yield enchanted Reaſon more Delight,
Than ev'n ſuch matchleſs Charms, cou'd yield
[th' enamour'd Sight!

V.

Sweet was indeed thy Speech! To *all* how ſweet!
Sweeter to *me*, than Sound of ſweeteſt Lyre!
Such dulcet Breath, to cloath *alone* was meet,
The Eloquence; thy Mind cou'd *well* inſpire!
Nor cou'd thy Accents ſweet, thy Pen excel,
Which eminently knew the Art to pleaſe;
Cou'd each fair Thought, in faireſt Language tell,
Join Strength, to Fancy; and to Judgment, Eaſe.
And thou coud'ſt ſing! with ſuch Expreſſion ſing!
That Melody ſeem'd living in thy Note!
That Angels might have ſtoop'd upon their Wing,
To liſten to the Muſic of *thy* Throat!

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Not

Not that *thy* wond'rous fine drawn Silver Sounds,
Excell'd, or even *equall'd* many a Tongue;
Not that *thy* Notes had learnt the mazy Rounds,
The Tricks and Flouriſh; that to *Art* belong?
Plain Nature's *Self*, begrudging not her Lore,
Had tutor'd *thee*, to warble from the *Heart*,
And *thence*, *thy* Tones learnt fine expreſſive Pow'r,
Surpaſſing! all th' *Adulteries* of Art!
O! never, never ſhall my Ear
Whether *incited* from above,
Or elſe *allur'd* by partial *Love*,
Or touches *ſweet!* of Sympathy?
Such Muſic hear, or *ſeem* to hear
As caught its *Paſſion* from thy Soul!

Nor

Nor ever my delighted Eye,
Tho' it ſhou'd glance from Pole to Pole,
Behold ſuch Softneſs, Sentiment, and Grace,
As glow'd, to every Note *Reſpondent*, on thy Face!

VI.

Thy poliſh'd Manners, had adorn'd a Court,
Thy virtues *did*, a vicious Age adorn,
Ne'er did thy diſſipated ſteps reſort,
Where Pleaſure took the lead, in Reaſons ſcorn.
Blooming with *Youth*, and faireſt of the Fair,
In vain Malignant Envy's watchful Eye
Hop'd to behold in *thee*, the *Wantons* Air,
Or trace thee, 'midſt the Paths of *Vanity!*

Thy chaſte Deportment, grac'd with modeſt Eaſe,
By Virtue form'd, and dignified by Senſe,
Repuls'd each Fop, whoſe Folly ſought to pleaſe,
Lightneſs, reſtrain'd, and aw'd *Impertinence*.
Unmeaning Mirth, in noiſy Peals preferr'd,
Ne'er from *thy* guarded Lips, intemp'rate broke,
Sedately chearful; *Wiſdom*, might have *heard*,
And *Virtue patroniz'd*, whate'er they ſpoke.
Nay!—Wiſdom's Self, around them *lov'd* to dwell;
And *Virtue*, joy'd in Smiles, to parley *thence*,
While *Grace*, admir'd, from out her *ſecret Cell*,
To ſee what Charms ſhe *ow'd*, and *lent*, to *Senſe*.
In ſpite of Admiration, Flatt'ry, Praiſe,
Pride, Pomp, and Glitter, *firmly* treading o'er
Thoſe Paths of rectitude, which *earlier* Days,
Had ſeen thy virtuous Mother tread before;

The noble *Precepts*, with Diſcretion fraught,
And bright *Example*, never was debas'd
Which only *ſuch* a Mother! cou'd have taught,
And only *ſuch* a Daughter! cou'd have grac'd.—
Unhappy Mother! doom'd to know
In Life's decline; *freſh* Scenes of Woe!
Dear, honour'd Parent!—doom'd to taſte
This *bitter* Potion, at the laſt!
Doom'd to behold, er'er paſt her Prime,
The boaſt, and honor, of thy Years
Cut off!—Stern Death *reverſe* the Courſe of *Time*;
The lovely *Daughter* crave
His Victim, for the Grave,
And leave a Prey to *Grief*; the Mother's hoary Hairs!

In

VII.

In *thee*; the beſt, the kindeſt Child is loſt,
The fondeſt Mother, and the tend'reſt Wife!
How bleſt the Man who ſuch a Heart cou'd boaſt,
The Virtuous, kind Companion, of his life!
How *bleſt* 'ere while, but now alas! how curſt!
In looſing all his Happineſs, in *Thee*!
In ſeeing Bonds he deem'd ſo laſting! *burſt*;
And bliſs he hop'd ſo firm; like Day-Dreams *flee*!
Ah! what he loſt in *thee*, his throbbing Heart,
Wou'd Sorrow let it ſpeak, *alone* cou'd tell!
Yet vain! the force of Language to impart,
What *ſuch* a Heart! at *ſuch* a loſs; muſt feel!

O!

O! lovely Pattern, to an Age like *this!*
To every modern Wife; Example rare!
A *Huſband*'s Preſence, form'd thy brighteſt Bliſs!
And his Contentment, thy ſupremeſt Care!
From all he priz'd! From Health & Love, & Peace,
When Prudence; *cruel* Prudence! *forc'd* him far,
To combat every Peril of the Seas,
And *all* the Heats, of *burning* Suns, to dare;
How true to tender Duty, didſt thou mourn,
Inceſſant mourn! *That* dreadful Blow of Fate,
How deadly wan, with pining Sorrow worn,
Bewail like ſome fond Dove, thy abſent Mate?
By all admired, and by all careſs't
From each gay Scene the lovely Mourner ſtole,

Sought in Retirements Shade, a *Parent's* Breaſt,
And utter'd there, the Anguiſh of her Soul.
No dazzling Luſtres, trembling Light,
E'er help'd thy ſparkling Di'mond's blaze,
Where the gay Feſtivals of Night,
With Dance, and Song
Allur'd the laughing, idle Throng;
Or ſhew'd, a *light* Heart, *ſporting* in thy Face;
No flatt'ring Beaux, about thee hung,
Drank Sweetneſs, from thy Eyes, & Tongue,
And flutter'd *buſy*, round thy Charms;
While far from *thee*, and *Joy* and *Love*,
A tender Huſbaud, doom'd to rove!
Left a *lamented* Void, within thy faithful Arms!

VIII.

But *now*, impatient of the bitter Woe
Thou know'ſt to *feel*; yet know'ſt not how to *bear!*
Thy noble Heart, each Terror doth forego,
And higheſt Proof, of *generous* Love, prepare!—
The Call of *Duty* ſounds in Fancy's Ear;
Thy Feelings beat *reſponſive*, to the Thought;
For *when* did thy pure Soul diſdain to hear,
And *more* than anſwer what *its* Dictates *taught?*
By Nature tender, timid, and retir'd,
In Softneſs, Peace, and gentle quiet bred;
Unus'd to Scenes, which Turbulence inſpir'd,
Where Coarſeneſs *ſhock'd*, and Danger took the *lead*;
In ſpite of Delicacy, Doubt, and Fear,
In ſpite of frowning Peril, and Diſmay,

Tho' all unwont thy gentle Sprite to bear
The various Chances, of the watry Way;
Tho' ſunk by Grief, and feeble with Diſeaſe,
Lo! thy *firm* Heart, the lofty Ship aſcends,
With Strangers, ſails undaunted o'er the Seas,
From a dear Mother, Child and weeping Friends.
To a fond Huſband, *all thy* Care devote,
For *his* dear Sake, each Danger thou cou'dſt brave!
His Image met with Smiles, thy ſpringing Hope,
Huſh'd ev'ry Wind, and ſmooth'd the roughest
[Wave!
And *ſuch* the Pow'r of *Virtue bright* as thine,
With winning Graciouſneſs, and Beauty *join'd*,
As ev'n the Sons of Ocean, to refine,
And

And ſooth to Gentleneſs, the boiſt'rous Mind.
Full oft' the Tale with Wonder has been heard
From *thoſe*, thy rough Companions o'er the Sea,
That Strife at thy ſoft Bidding, *calm* appear'd,
And Imprecation huſh'd; to honour *thee!*
Nay, did not fartheſt India's tawny Race,
Behold thy Beauties? and beholding, bleſs!
Did not thy Virtues, awe their Soul?
Thy gen'rous Pity, win their Love?
Whom Pride, and Pow'r, cou'd ne'er controul,
Did not thy thouſand Merits, move?
Did not thy Praiſe from every Tongue,
From *every* Rank, and Tribe reſound?
And thoſe of thy *own* Nation, join the Throng,
Catch the Applauſe, and echo it around?

Yes,

Yes,—While with *Shame* her Head pale *Envy* hung,
And huſh'd for *Shame*, the *Malice* on her Tongue;
Thee, did *Europeans*, *Indians*, with one Voice declare,
Beſt, ſtill amongſt the *Beſt*; and *faireſt* of the
[*Fair!*

IX.

What Tranſports muſt thy doating Huſband know
When breaking firſt, upon his raptur'd Sight,
He ſaw *retouch'd* by *Health*, thy Beauties glow,
And from his Soul, chace all the Shades of Night?
What Tranſports muſt he feel! in diſtant Climes
To *ſee*, and *boaſt* this matchleſs Proof of Love!
Which with a Trumpet Tongue, to diſtant Times,
A *great* Example to thy Sex, might prove.

Alas! he *knew*, he *ſaw*, he *felt*, *too much!*

Doom'd as he was, this *Flaſh* of Joy to know;
The *utmoſt* Point of human Bliſs, to touch,
Then ſink a Victim, to relentleſs Woe.
To Woe indeed!—witneſs the bitter Tears
I've ſeen from ſilent Anguiſh, *force* their Way;
Witneſs the anxious Hopes, the tender Tears,
That rent his gen'rous Heart from Day, to Day,
While hanging watchful, o'er thy waſting Form,
Thy ſlow Decay, *too* plainly, he cou'd trace!
See waxing dim, *thoſe* Eyes that beam'd like Morn;
And fading; all the Glories, of *that* Face!
O! how I've ſeen him trembling aſk thy Ail;
In ſpeechleſs Mis'ry, hear the *faint* Reply,

And when a burſt of Sorrow *wou'd* prevail
Turn; to conceal the Anguiſh, in his Eye!
In vain he hop'd (the Idol of his Soul
Reſtor'd to all her Friends, and native Shore)
His Days o'er Paths of Peace ſhou'd ſmoothly roll
And Care, and Sorrow, rend his Breaſt, no more!
In vain he hop'd! by Hope deluded ſtill,
That Med'cines Pow'r, ſhou'd *yet* renew thy Bloom,
The Art be found, to chace thy *ſecret* Ill,
And ſave thy Charms, from an *untimely* Tomb!
In vain he hop'd! that Bath's ſalubrious Springs,
Shou'd Strength to *thee*, and Joy to *him*, reſtore;
That Health ſhou'd riſe, with Balm upon her wings
And give thee back, to *fond* Deſire, once more!

Alas!

Alas! no more for *thee* ſhall ſweetly wave,
Health's balmy Wing! No more her Roſes bloom!
And vain the Efforts all of Art, to ſave
Thy matchleſs Charms, from an untimely Tomb!
I *ſaw*, *rever'd*, and *ſtill* revere his Love!
With *him*, Affections tender Duties bore;
With *him*, to ſmooth the Bed of Sickneſs ſtrove:
For ſcarce he *honour'd*; or he *lov'd thee*; *more!*
Alas! together we did weeping ſtand,
And wretched! ſaw Death's lateſt Agony!
Felt his laſt Dew; how cold! upon thy Hand:
Saw the laſt Spark; how languid! in thine Eye.
Yet *even* on the Bed of *Death*,
Thy kind Affections *all* remain'd,

Tho' *lab'ring* with thy *lateſt* Breath,
For *us alone*,
Thou *ſeem'dſt* to groan,
And *only* for *our* Sorrows pain'd!
O! never, never ſhall thine Eye
Henceforth; thy *Friend*, thy *Brother* charm!
Nor ever ſhall thy graceful Tongue,
With Truth, and Loving-Kindneſs hung,
His *beſt* Affections wake, and warm!
Yet ſhall thy Virtues *never*, *never* die;
Engraven deep, upon his *faithful* Memory!

X.

Farewel then deareſt Siſter! honour'd Friend!
For ever, and for ever *here*;—farewel!

My

My Sorrow for thy *Loſs;* ſhall *never* end!
And in my Heart thy *Image, ever* dwell!
Yet why lament, whom *Innocence ſtill* crown'd,
Whom *Hope* encourag'd, and whom *Virtue* grac'd?
By *Faith, exalted,* and by *Mercy own'd,*
For *thee,* the everlaſting Portal's rais'd!
The everlaſting Portal *high,* is rais'd
Where, Pain, and Sorrow, can aſſail no more!
Where, Glories have from everlaſting, blaz'd!
And Bleſſings flow'd, from an eternal Store!
Farewel then deareſt Siſter!—Reſt in Peace!—
No more for *thee,* my bitter Griefs ſhall flow!
Yet gentle Spirit, *frown* not upon *theſe*
The *faithful Lines;* that ſpeak a Brother's Woe!

A fond *Regret* henceforth, is *all* my Heart,
Shall nouriſh, for a Friend, ſo kind! ſo dear!
And thou wilt pardon; if *perchance* ſhou'd ſtart
When *Mem'ry ſtings;* one tributary Tear?

F I N I S.

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